

J. L. Hewitt, work on bridge and lumber.....	228.00
S. D. Wellman, work on bridge.....	12.50
H. H. Cordle, work on bridge.....	12.50
Lock Cordle, work on bridge.....	12.50
Lum Chaffin, work on bridge.....	12.50
E. C. Williams, work on bridge.....	12.50
Watson How, Co. road scrapers.....	88.00
G. W. Calvin, lbr. for Co.....	184.70
A. S. Oikerson, repairing bridge.....	255.00
J. S. Chapman, surveying road.....	3.00
G. W. Pack, surveying road.....	3.00
Wm. Chapman, surveying road.....	3.00
B. B. Wells, nails for Co.....	2.90
Roy Carter, lbr. for Co.....	55.00
Arthur Blankenship, work on road.....	2.50
Lawrence Blankenship, work on road.....	1.00
U. S. Kise, right of way.....	100.00
L. E. Pigg, lbr. for Co.....	6.00
Beard & Co., dump bed for truck.....	299.25
Martha B. Brauham, old claim R & B.....	39.65
Joe Cyrus, work on road.....	20.00
Sheridan Cyrus, work on road.....	12.50
Matt Pickrell, work on road.....	25.00
John Martin, work on road.....	12.00
Edgar Diamond, work on road.....	9.00
Kent Stewart, work on road.....	15.62
Wiley Hall, work on road.....	12.00
Tom Kirk, work on road.....	12.00
Ben Miles, work on road.....	12.00
Joe Cyrus, work on road.....	45.00
Sheridan Cyrus, work on road.....	37.50
Milt Pickrell, work on road.....	39.37
Kent Stewart, work on road.....	15.62
Mart Hay, work on road.....	56.25
John Martin, work on road.....	21.00
Tom Kirk, work on road.....	27.00
Ben Miles, work on road.....	15.50
Mart Hay, work on road.....	24.00
Wiley Hall, work on road.....	6.00
Logan Hawes, work on road.....	43.75
Ambrase Hay, work on road.....	37.50
George Bradley, work on road.....	27.00
Edgar Diamond, work on road.....	25.00
Jack Muncy, work on road.....	12.00
Lindsay Cyrus, work on road.....	9.00
Dave Bradley, work on road.....	6.00
L. F. Wellman, road supplies.....	91.90
Van Graham, work on road.....	65.50
Lem Graham, Jr., work on road.....	81.87
L. W. Graham, work on road.....	40.42
Willie Polley, work on road.....	6.25
Dow McCoy, work on road.....	39.30
George May, work on road.....	6.00
Tom May, work on road.....	7.50
Dan Bryant, work on road.....	36.50
Alec Castle, work on road.....	26.50
Calder Holbrook, work on road.....	16.80
Flurney Biles, work on road.....	28.20
Levi Miles, work on road.....	11.10
Marion Cox, work on road.....	12.00
B. F. Kasez, work on road.....	65.50
Frank Kasez, work on road.....	81.87
J. B. Fraley, work on road.....	39.30
Ned Polley, work on road.....	39.30
Levi Miles, work on road.....	2.70
John Rule, work on road.....	29.70
Dewey McKinley, work on road.....	39.30
John Loeat, work on road.....	28.80
Charles Curnutte, work on road.....	19.20
Dennie Herald, work on road.....	31.20
George Young, work on road.....	31.20
Marion Cox, work on road.....	11.70
J. T. Sweetnam, work on road.....	15.50
George May, work on road.....	12.50
Albert May, work on road.....	15.00
Elbert May, work on road.....	15.00
George Hogston, work on road.....	15.00
Lewis Kasez, work on road.....	25.00
Wm. Ekers, work on road.....	35.00
Wm. Ekers, work on road.....	43.75
Ed Riffe, work on road.....	9.37
Martha Roberts, work on road.....	67.50
Luther Prince, work on road.....	16.90
Arthur Blankenship, work on road.....	18.75
R. Blankenship, work on road.....	30.62
Henry Ekers, work on road.....	5.00
Fred Stewart, work on road.....	5.62
Andy Woods, work on road.....	6.00
Ben Vanhorn, work on road.....	12.50
Sen Carter, work on road.....	10.25
Ben Bentley, work on road.....	11.85
Ernest Bentley, work on road.....	10.25
C. W. Diamond, work on road.....	10.25
Ed Scott, work on road.....	12.00
Neal Holbrook, work on road.....	18.75
Herman Holbrook, work on road.....	3.00
Charles Cary, work on road.....	42.00
Willie Sweetnam, work on road.....	12.00
Charley Gartin, work on road.....	7.50
Oscar Short, work on road.....	16.37
D. Gartin, work on road.....	10.50
Dennie Moore, work on road.....	9.00
As Moore, work on road.....	7.50
Dave Moore, work on road.....	7.50
Ray Hays, work on road.....	4.50
B. Estep, work on road.....	4.50
Lewis Moore, work on road.....	4.50
Dewey Moore, work on road.....	7.50
Burt Moore, work on road.....	6.80
Wesley Castle, work on road.....	2.60
Dora Moore, work on road.....	3.60
Al Edwards, work on road.....	9.00
Bill Hale, work on road.....	3.00
Jim Estep, work on road.....	3.00
L. B. Hays, work on road.....	1.50
Drew Rose, work on road.....	1.50
Mervil Thompson, work on road.....	12.50
George Sparks, work on road.....	25.00
C. C. Hays, work on road.....	12.50
Al Edwards, work on road.....	24.25
Dora Moore, work on road.....	21.87
Bird Childers, work on road.....	21.25
Albert Estep, work on road.....	9.37
J. B. Ball, work on road.....	3.12
Joe Moore, work on road.....	8.75
T. W. Ball, work on road.....	9.37
As Thompson, work on road.....	9.37
Dave Justice, work on road.....	6.25
John Hays, work on road.....	3.12
B. Z. Jordan, work on road.....	9.37
Al Curnutte, work on road.....	6.25
John Curnutte, work on road.....	3.12
Warren Castle, work on road.....	4.18
Fred Short, lbr. etc. for Co.....	23.50
John Wallace, work on road.....	29.57
Doll Miller, work on road.....	11.00
Henderson Edwards, work on road.....	11.00
Robert Miller, work on road.....	11.40
John Castle, work on road.....	3.00
South Dooley, work on road.....	8.40
South Dixon, work on road.....	23.12
Lon Hinkle, work on road.....	5.62
Lyle Bryant, work on road.....	17.50
Walter Hays, work on road.....	1.00
Arthur Boggs, work on road.....	51.75
Walter Osborn, work on road.....	32.10
Labe Edwards, work on road.....	29.10
Elijah Gambill, work on road.....	9.00
Cecil Ferguson, work on road.....	21.00
Luther Stambaugh, work on road.....	26.10
Jas. Ross, work on road.....	25.10
Lee Ross, work on road.....	12.60
Edford Ross, work on road.....	42.90
Alfred Smith, work on road.....	44.35
Ray Stambaugh, work on road.....	32.38
Isaac McGuire, work on road.....	25.30
John Wallace, work on road.....	15.00
Willie Dixon, work on road.....	15.00
Doll Miller, work on road.....	15.00
Walter Hays, work on road.....	8.00
Rhoda Pack, work on road.....	6.00
Doll Miller, work on road.....	5.70
Bob Miller, work on road.....	10.20

RECKLESS EVENING

By MILDRED WHITE

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The little woman ran lightly up the steps and passed on through the long hall. As she opened the living room door a girl bending over a book glanced up questioningly.

"Why, Aunt Priscilla!" she exclaimed, "where have you been? It is after ten o'clock."

The little woman laughed softly as she paused diffident in the doorway. It seemed, as her dark eyes twinkled into the reproving face of her young niece, that the two had changed places.

She tossed her demure gray hat to the couch and sank into a chair.

"Really, I hardly know how to account for my lateness or my rashness, Lola," she said. "The past two hours have been like a foolish, adventurous sort of dream, and I thought that I had outgrown adventurous fancies, Lola."

"You will never outgrow adventure, Aunt Priscilla," said Lola. "Now, tell me what happened."

"I took old Mrs. Dale home in the car," Priscilla began, "and was hurrying back along the avenue when I came upon a wedding party. The bride couple were, evidently, about to make their escape in a white taxi; while the other cars were maneuvering to follow. And I wedged suddenly into the narrow line, found myself, by degrees, exactly before the house entrance. And while I leaned back a tall man came swiftly down the carpeted steps and deliberately to the door of my coupe."

"Now," he said pleasantly, "you can start." As I turned to stare at him, the limousine and all the cars before it were off in a mad rush. The bride couple had slipped into their taxi, and the attendants madly agreed to follow—where no one knew.

"The man at my side was a fine looking man, his face aglow with interest and enthusiasm."

"Shall I take the wheel?" he asked eagerly. "I want to be there with the others when they stop at the station."

"And, Lola, I don't know what influence seized me then; it may have been the sheer masterfulness of the man's tones, or it may have been an infection of daring from the occupants of the cars all about us; but I bent to my wheel and I chased that wedding party."

"I don't remember seeing you at the reception," my companion said presently. "But I take it for granted that you are Mollie. Go right out, now." Ned said to me, as they made their escape, "and you will find Mollie waiting for you in the car at the door."

Ned used often to speak of his sister Mollie when we were college boys together. Now, possibly, you are married; if so, I am unacquainted with your new name."

"Lola," Priscilla leaned forward, "do you know what answer I made to do all that? I did not say, 'You are mistaken in your person. You have been mistaken all along. Mr. Take-it-for-Granted.' No; all I said was, 'I am not married.' Then, all at once my companion snapped open his watch and looked into my face."

"I am sorry," he said; "I have forgotten something important. I must ask you to let me out here."

"I came sharply to myself and to a realization of my own recklessness, and as I reached to unfasten the door I was thankful that I had not corrected the man's wrong impression. 'I will see you again,' he said."

Priscilla's gaze was on the fra, abstracted—long. The girl awakened her. "And then, oh, unruly aunt," she mocked, "what happened?"

"I came home," Priscilla ended abruptly. She lifted her arm.

"Why, Lola," she exclaimed, "My jeweled bracelet; do you see it about anywhere? I had it on this evening when I drove Mrs. Dale home. I recall her admiration of the diamond clasp. Lola—I have lost it!"

The girl arose from a search. "The bracelet may be in the car, Aunt Priscilla," she said crisply. "But my opinion is that your fine confident stranger has it in his possession."

Priscilla was on her feet. "Lola," she cried, "if I never find that bracelet, if I never see that man again, I know that he is innocent."

"Even," jeered Lola, "if your jewel were to be found in his pocket."

The door bell interrupted. Lola flew to answer its summons. A tall man stood in the doorway, his voice pleasant, vibrant, reached Priscilla. He held the bracelet out to her.

"Most amazing!" he exclaimed. "I found this trinket in my overcoat pocket when I felt for my gloves. I must have dropped it from your arm. I am happy to return it to you. When I called up Ned's home I found that I had mistaken another person for his sister, and it is fortunate chance, perhaps, that revealed you to me as I passed your lighted window. I," said the pleasing stranger, "am the minister who tonight tied my old friend's nuptial knot."

Japan Enlightened by China. There appears to have been no written language in Japan till Chinese characters were introduced into Japan from Korea in the reign of Emperor Ojin, A. D. 285. The convenience caused by Chinese characters led afterward to the invention of katakana and hiragana, the Japanese syllabary, which contributed much toward improving the nation's language.

MISS SILVER LINING

By MOLLIE MATHER

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Rain, rain, and sombre clouds, an unfamiliar village street, and a man trudging along, gloomily. At the farthest end of the street, a weather-beaten house, its faded green blinds closed against possible sunshine, its verandas bleak, and wind-swept.

To this uncomfortable goal, the stranger forced his way. He questioned a passer-by as to where entertainment might be found, and was directed uncertainly, to the shabby house at the end of the street.

"Mebbe Miss Perkins will take you in," offered the passer-by.

When Philip Clogston agreed to run out to the country to look over the farm his elderly sister anticipated buying, he expected to drive the fifty odd miles in his car. Minerva was imperative that he should go no later than Wednesday, and on this Wednesday afternoon of stormy weather, roads leading to the unfrequented country were almost impassable. So Philip, impatient with this new whim of his whimsical sister, boarded the train.

Upon his arrival at Lynden village, he found that the next returning train would not leave until eight o'clock that evening, the farm which he was to pass judgment upon, was four miles up an isolated road. He decided, still angrily, to go back at eight o'clock without fulfilling his errand.

What did Minerva want with a farm any way? But then why did Minerva enter into any of the foolish business ventures which claimed her purse and attention.

The shabby old house was opened by a grim-faced woman who eyed him with hostility.

"I was directed here," said the confident man of big enterprises.

"Come in," said Miss Perkins, and he followed into the dismal parlor.

"I kin give you some ham an' home-made bread an' coffee," the woman offered laconically. "If you want to sit warm, come out to the kitchen."

"Thanks," Philip returned drily, "I will wait here." He settled down in his overcoat, frowning. "Woman are queer," he reflected, "wherever you happen to meet them." His memory of his own mother was that of an exacting invalid. Minerva, with whom he made his home was a creature of changing, unimpassioned mood. Then here was this stolid, unconcerned, village woman. He smiled satirically, as an engraved motto caught his eye.

"Every cloud," said the motto, "has a silver lining." "Great promise that, in this tomb of a room," he meditated. Then across the rattle of wind and rain outside came a ripple of soft laughter.

"Well, that's my last spending I hope," called a girlish voice. Philip looking through the window saw a young woman turn to wave to an old man who had evidently brought her to the shabby house in his buggy. He heard her explaining to Miss Perkins.

"I came out from the city as a surprise to visit Aunt Ellen, and I find that Aunt Ellen has gone away shopping until tomorrow. Will you take me in for the night, please Hannah."

"Well, mebbe," Hannah graciously complied. "They's a man in there, come to supper," she added.

"Good afternoon," she greeted Philip pleasantly, and turned quickly to light the forbidden fire.

"We are going to be cheerful," she told Hannah firmly.

"Hannah," cried the girl "I am coming out to the kitchen to make a fluffy omelette to go with that ham; you used to let me play about in the kitchen when I was a little girl, and we will toast the bread, and have our meal here on the little table before the fire. No, you must not object, you shall be company this evening in your own home."

Clogston threw aside his outer coat, the room, all at once was full of rosy light from fire and lamps. The visiting girl blushed happily as she laid the white cloth on the small table. She wore a dress of vivid scarlet which matched the color of her lips.

"It's my old gray crepe," she informed Hannah, laughingly. "I dyed it to wear on days like this, when I'm alone; it makes me feel cheery."

Later, as Hannah washed the dishes, the girl answered a bit ruefully to his questioning concerning her identity.

"Who am I? Oh, I am just a failure. I went four years ago to the city to study art. I was to be a great illustrator. Aunt Ellen still believes in me, so that she would sell her farm in order to come on and help me. But I won't have that sacrifice, so I hurried home to prevent it. I grew up, you see, in Aunt Ellen's care."

"My name is Clogston," Philip abruptly announced, "and yours?" But the girl smiling, shook her head.

"Tomorrow," she told him, "we shall have gone our separate ways, and names will mean nothing to us. Good night."

Philip arose. "When you came here," he said, "I was lost in a cloud of gloom, you gave to that cloud a silver lining. Tomorrow and through all the tomorrows to come, I shall never forget you. And now, good night, Miss Silver Lining." She glanced at him, moved by his earnestness, and her blue eyes widened in new soft wonder.

And as the train bore him citywards, Philip sat, lost in a great content. For he knew that he would find again, and win for his own, this girl whose bright presence had vanished so miraculously all his past years, of gloom.

Service for Everyone

The first aim of this bank is to meet the banking needs of individuals, firms and corporations by interested, individual service adapted to their particular needs.

Whatever the nature or the volume of their business, we have supplied up-to-date equipment, complete facilities, ample resources and a capable and experienced staff. It is our desire to be of service to our customers in every banking way.

Our membership in the FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM has helped to put and keep our service on the highest plane.

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TUSCOLA

The recent rains have retarded farm work till farmers are not done plowing and planting.

Wheat is beginning to head and never was more promising for a good crop.

A few scattering locusts can be heard in the heat of day. But in 1922 they will come in countless numbers. Remember this.

Born, to Hennie Holbrook and wife, Friday, a girl.

Bobbie Daniel is still confined to his bed and is a living skeleton. We have seen some reduced to skeletons in fever, but never have we seen any one reduced in flesh like Bobbie Daniel.

Bill, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Frasher, seems to be convalescing, but is still very sick.

Rev. Jim Harvey preached at Baker Sunday evening and Sunday night to large congregations. He will preach there again the second Saturday night and Sunday morning in June.

Sunday school at Oliveville is largely attended. There were 121 present last Sunday.

Lawrence Richard returned home Saturday and remarked "there is no place like home." Experience is a good school.

Some of our good people attended the baptizing at Morgan Sunday and report a great meeting.

The apple crop here will not be a failure, but will be very nearly so. Some trees will be reasonably full and some will not have any at all and they are in the majority too.

There will be peaches and plums and a few pears.

The prospects are good for a good berry crop. OLD LEM JUCKLENS.

YATESVILLE

There will be church here Saturday night and Sunday night.

Several from here attended the baptizing at Morgan Sunday.

Mrs. Wade Muncy of Oil Springs will visit her parents at this place next week.

Golda Rice was visiting here recently.

Cove Diamond attended church at Morgan Sunday night.

Fred Blankenship, Howard Short, Billy Salters and Elbert Austin were at Cadmus Sunday evening.

Anna Lou Ramsey spent Sunday with her aunt Mary Ruff, at Cadmus.

Sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Foster.

Ollie Short who has been in the hospital at Pikeville returned home Saturday.

Grace and Gipsy Blankenship attended the baptizing at Morgan Sunday.

Sunday School at this place every Sunday morning. MAY-BEE.

Smoky Valley & Busseyville

Sunday School at both places has been reported a success. Scholars and visitors number larger than ever yet.

There will be church at the new Baptist Church Saturday night and Sunday morning. Everybody come.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Wellman of Busseyville entertained a large number of friends Sunday.

Mrs. W. T. Bradley is visiting her daughters, Mrs. Willie Vanhoose and Walter Davis this week.

Miss Veryl Bradley was the dinner guest of the Day girls Sunday.

Miss Edith Bove was the pleasant guest of Miss Gladys Meek Sunday.

The good farmers are all busy now. One class that never gets out of a job.

We were glad to have so many boys and girls from different places in church and Sunday School at Smoky Valley. BLUE EYES.

TWO CENTS PER TON ON COAL TO AID HOSPITAL

Pike county coal operators have voted to raise \$50,000 for the Pikeville General hospital by donating two cents on each ton of coal mined and by asking each employer to donate the price of one day's labor. The donation is to be applied toward finishing and equipping the hospital at Pikeville, which was recently taken over by the Kentucky Methodist Board of Hospitals.

Uncle John's Josh

NEWSPAPER MEN AGREE

THAT THE TWO

SMALLEST THINGS

IN THE WORLD

ARE MOLECULES AND

ANONYMOUS LETTER

WRITERS

JOB OFFICE

WORKS

BOOTH

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\$348 F. O. B. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

And Bring You Back

AUGUSTUS SNYDER

LOUISA : KENTUCKY